

WHO WAS BELLE CARILLON

A NEW YORK ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

IX. WYCHERLEY COURT (Continued)

BY GELETT BURGESS

MORGAN'S valet came running up. "A bag, Sir? What kind of a bag?"

"A lady's bag—black leather—fat! Hurry—find it right away! What did you do with it? By Heavens! I'll send for the police!"

"Perhaps it was taken into the ladies' room, Sir; I'll see."

While he left to inquire, Fenton fumed. Morgan fussed about, anxious and embarrassed. "Was it really valuable?" he asked weakly.

Fenton did not answer, but opened drawers, looked in closets, overturned piles of overcoats, looked in hats, in frantic haste. Every instant he grew more excited. At last, as he stood, flushed and tumbled, trying to think what to do,—whether to call for the police, ask that everyone be searched, or appeal to Miss Morgan,—the valet returned with the lost bag. Fenton grabbed it from him and tremblingly looked inside. A blaze of color flashed up from its dark interior.

"Miss Carillon had it," the valet explained. "They thought of course it belonged to one of the ladies, and she was there getting ready to go home."

"Did she look into it?" Fenton demanded with anxiety.

"Oh, no, Sir, she just took it, looked at it, and said it wasn't hers. She was too worried to pay much attention. Someone had just telephoned to her, and she was rather upset over it, Sir."

Fenton heaved a sigh of relief, and turned to Morgan. "Is your automobile ready?" he asked.

The valet interposed. "Ready at the door, Sir."

"I've got to get away in a hurry, then."

Morgan laid a hand on his arm. "If you don't wish to wait to change your clothes, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Fenton, John Fenton."

"Mr. Fenton, you can send back the suit you have on when you find it convenient. It's no importance, really, and I'll give you a silk hat and an overcoat—"

Even in the whirl of his excited haste, even with the memory of the dead man always in the back of his mind, even with the responsibility of the jewels keeping him in a fever of unrest, even with the thrill of Belle Carillon's near presence disturbing him, the offer tingled a pleasant fancy. He had never worn a silk hat in his life—how he had longed to! Now, in evening clothes, it would be a satisfaction to go forth, robed as a gentleman, clad cap-à-pie in formal garb. He grinned, and blushingly accepted the offer. He had it off and gazed at it. He smoothed the nap against his sleeve. Perhaps he might catch a glimpse of Belle Carillon again—but no, how disappointing! He had, of course, to leave by way of the servants' staircase. It was too bad.

In two minutes he had slipped out and was running down stairs with Morgan's valet. The motorcar was not at the side entrance; they went round to the front of the building in search of it. They found it, drawn up in the line of waiting vehicles, and Fenton was just about to enter when, turning, he saw Belle Carillon coming out under the awning. He paused in surprise; she looked eagerly to right and left. Catching sight of him, she smiled faintly, and walked rapidly up.

"Could you take me up town?" she asked. "I've ordered a taxicab; but it hasn't come, and I'm in a great hurry. I've had an important message. A relative is dangerously ill—I must get up there immediately. I'm awfully worried about it!"

"Why, I shall be delighted!" said Fenton. He was trembling in every limb. The idea of being alone with her at last sent him into a fever of excitement. He turned to lead the way. "Right over here!" he said.

AS he turned suddenly the bag he was holding in one hand struck sharply against one of the iron stanchions of the awning. It fell to the sidewalk. He looked down. To his horror some half-dozen pieces of jewelry had fallen out,—a ring or two, a brooch, a bracelet, and, half in, half out, a confused pile of precious stones, sparkling against the black leather. He looked up, to see Miss Carillon staring pale faced at the revelation. The next minute a uniformed porter ran up to her and touched his cap.

"Your taxi, Miss Carillon," he said, and, bowing, pointed the way to where a green car waited at the curb.

Fenton was too embarrassed to speak. He stood foolishly staring as she stared at him coldly, and said, "Then I shall not need to impose on you, Count. But thank you just the same." And, drawing herself up, she walked proudly to the taxicab,

turned and gazed at him, then got in and drove away. Not till her car disappeared round the corner did Fenton take his eyes from her. Then, with a sigh, he stooped, scraped the jewels into the bag, as the porter stared, and walked to the Morgans' touring car.

"Where shall I drive, Sir?" the chauffeur inquired.

It was some moments before Fenton could collect his senses enough to recall the address the octroon had given him. Where was it? The stirring events of the night had all but obliterated her words. Somewhere in Harlem—oh, yes, the Norcross, 505—no—555 West 146th-st. That was it! He gave the address, got in the car beside Karl the chauffeur, and they whirled away.

He crammed his silk hat down hard over his ears and leaned back in the car to enjoy the ride. The brisk, nifty wind ran merrily past him. The twinkling lights on the Jersey shore flashed brightly across the Hudson. His brain cleared. Surely he had much to think of! Much had happened since he left his Harlem home a careless, thoughtless boy. But there was only one thing he could think of now; he put all other things aside and reveled in his dream. He thought of nothing but Belle Carillon. He wanted no one but Belle Carillon. Belle Carillon, in low cut, pale blue voile, Belle Carillon of the olive skin and whimsical smile—who was Belle Carillon? What Fate had led him continually in crossing and recrossing paths toward Belle Carillon? Did she know, or care, what destiny allied them in this mysterious way—John Fenton and Belle Carillon? He loved Belle Carillon; could Belle Carillon ever love him? When would they meet in peace, in joy? When would they talk and tell what he so longed to hear, he and Belle Carillon? Oh, the smooth, soft contour of her cheek, the exquisite gesture of her head! So he dreamed, fancy free, in joyous abandon of Belle Carillon—Belle Carillon—Belle Carillon!

SAY, this is one great night, ain't it?"

Fenton came down with a thud from the clouds of romance to the chauffeur's commonplace. He gave the remark a mumbling reply, "Fine!"

At the same moment Karl veered suddenly to avoid a passing car, leaving scarcely three inches between the two vehicles.

Fenton shrunk involuntarily. "By Jove! that was a narrow escape!" he exclaimed. "Slow down a little, can't you?"

Karl, with a grin, pressed his accelerator, and the car shot forward still faster, just missing an obstruction in the street. He was a typical chauffeur, small and wiry, crouching in his seat so that his short legs could reach the pedals. He had a chauffeur's recklessness and conceit. "Oh, Lord!" he said, "this ain't going! Wait till I let her out a notch! I could do seventy miles here, if I wasn't afraid of getting pulled."

"Well, I'm in no hurry," Fenton replied, "and I can't



afford to be arrested—not tonight. Look out for that lantern, now!" He was in misery at Karl's carelessness.

"Oh, I never touched anything yet but hens," said Karl. Then he snickered. "Only once."

"What was that? Kill anybody?" Fenton asked nervously.

"I only knocked off the hind wheel of a hearse at the great Yale Funeral," said Karl, grinning. "Ever hear of it?"

"No," said Fenton. "What the deuce was it? Tell me about it, if it isn't too long a story."

The chauffeur chuckled to himself. "It was lucky for Paul Arlington it wasn't a longer story," he said. "It was short; but it certainly was lively. I'll tell you about it." And, as he gave the steering wheel a sharp turn and turned the car into 94th-st., he began:

THE GREAT YALE FUNERAL

WHY," said the chauffeur, "this was Thanksgiving Day, a year ago—you remember the football game

when Harvard trimmed Yale for the first time in nine years? Six to four the score was, and every Cambridge man in New Haven went crazy. I wasn't there; but I hear it was like a matinee in an ancient Roman amphitheater. After the preliminary orgies the Harvard rioters went to Boston to celebrate. The pride and chivalry of Yale was due in New York to drown their sorrows in a theater party at the 'Marrying Mary' show.

"Well, there was one Harvard rooter who was so spifficated by the triumph that he couldn't box the compass any more. That was Paul Arlington. He was genially kidnapped by some of the speedy Sons of Eli with no hard feelings, and the first thing he knew they had him in the Yale train pulling out for New York. When he began to look out the window for New London he expected that something was wrong; but it was too late to do anything by that time. He would have to miss the crimson fire and the gilding of John Harvard and the Cambridge police, after all. The Yale men gave him the ha-ha and told him little old New York would have to do. So he made the best of it and went, reminding them of the score and the snake dance every time he opened a bottle, which was plenty often.

"He was a thoroughbred, that Arlington. He was a spender, and he had money to spend. He was fairly poisonous with greenbacks. Old man Arlington was a triple-dyed billionaire, in the first place; and, in the second, Paul had backed the Harvard effort for about five thousand dollars at two to five. He had something like sixteen thousand dollars in his pants when he got off the train at the Grand Central Station. By that time almost every Yale man in his car was down and out; but Paul Arlington was walking on the atmosphere, shedding ten-dollar bills at the slightest provocation.

"I was running a taxicab then, and of course I never knew anything about his start till afterwards when Millie told me all about it. My first sight of the fun come when I was waiting in front of the Friars on



There Was Only One Thing He Could Think of Now—Belle Carillon!